

superiors in enterprise, for their equals in general intelligence.

Continuing the route, a few hours bring the traveller to Crown Point and Ticonderoga—spots which France fortified to resist the power of England on the American continent, and whence about the middle of last century, expeditions departed to carry destruction to the British settlements further south. They exhibit at the present day, a few ruins and that is all. The spirit stirring drum awakens no more their echoes, nor is the shrill fife heard, nor seen the glance of bayonet. They are mere reminiscences of the past, but as such are interesting, very much so, to the contemplative mind. In those days, the savages were allies of the French and always accompanied them in their expeditions, and as one surveys the ruins, he pictures to himself the scene they must have presented when the primeval forest covered the whole country, and the clearances around the forts were covered by the wigwams of the Indian warriors, assembled to accompany their French friends, against "the long knives". Ticonderoga is famous as the fatal spot where havoc once ran riot through the ranks of a British army. An expedition left Albany under the command of Lord Howe, to reduce the strongholds of the French. The force was very considerable, upwards of 10,000 men.

Having reached Ticonderoga, an assault was made on the strong abbatiss which surrounded it, without waiting for artillery, and a signal repulse was the result, attended with great slaughter. Lord Howe lost his life, and also numbers of officers. It is a very hazardous operation, the attempt to carry a place of strength by "coup de main," when the enemy is prepared to receive the attack, and resolute. Military events in America show how fatal they usually are. The assault on Ticonderoga was repelled by a few hundred French soldiers, assisted by Canadians and Indians. Wolfe's attempt to carry the works at Montmorenci and Beauport was a failure. The assault on Fort Erie, in 1814, was a dreadful business, and New Orleans affords another proof of the extreme hazard of defeat under such circumstances, even though the assaulting force be composed of disciplined and tried soldiers, and the defenders are the raw material.

Approaching Whitehall, the lake narrows into a mere creek, flanked by swamp for a short distance, and then walled in by perpendicular rock and lofty hill. Whitehall itself is a snug little place, situate in a hollow between a precipice on one side and hills on the other, that rise—almost into mountains. The Phoenix Hotel there, is recommended to travellers as combining every thing that can be desired.

The conveyance from Whitehall to Troy is usually by Canal Boat, unless expedition be an object, and they are very pleasant conveyances—neatly fitted up and kept clean. The great inconvenience is want of space, but those who have been subjected to the annoyances and miseries of an American Stage Coach will not think of that. The Passenger Canal Boats in America are much prettier and nicer conveyances, than those of the Canals in Holland.

A reservation must be made, however, when commending the Canal Boats, namely, that they are as unpleasant by night as agreeable by day. They are usually full of passengers, ladies and gentlemen, men and women: high and low—refined and crude—delicate and indelicate—nice and not nice. During the day time, in fine weather, the traveller, if not fastidious and hyper-exclusive, will, as I have already remarked, find the Canal Boat a very agreeable and smooth exchange for the Stage Coach, and the roads of North America; but, at night, how changed the picture! Annoyance, discomfort, disgust, mark the hours of darkness. In America, not only do all travel, but all travel in the same conveyance. It is said of poverty "that it makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows", and without any kind of doubt it may be said of travelling in America, it makes one acquainted with strange and odd, and at times, most disagreeable, if not highly disgusting companions; for companions they must be in the narrow confines of Canal Boat and Stage Coach. Equality reigns supreme in the United States. None dare be a rebel against it. The most refined gentleman of the United States has not the hardihood to exalt himself above his fellow traveller, be he never so vulgar; but he has not the will to do so. Born and bred upon the domain of equality, he dreams not of exclusiveness, and if perchance he should dream thereof, he is not disturbed by the proximity, however close, of vulgarity, loaferism, and uncouthness, or by the total absence of good manners, for familiarity with equality under all its phases, from his childhood, has rendered him insensible to all such annoyance. It is very different with the English gentleman. He may be an ultra-radical—an *exalté* liberal—a fervent democrat—a thorough Republican—a believer in the happy and refining influences of self-government—but, totally unaccustomed in his own country to sit at table by the side of the laborer, the farm servant, or others from the very meanest walks of life, he cannot reconcile himself to the occasional infliction of compulsory companionship with such. His feelings revolt, even contrary to his inclination. Though he desire to be pleased, 'tis out of the question—he cannot. Well would it be if it went no further, but too often is he led to judge harshly of the government and the social condition of the people of the United States, by such *rencontres*. Time will, however, reconcile him to such things, and then he will see much to admire in the social picture presented at the tables of the Hotels and Steamers of the United States: for it must not be lost sight of, that it is only now and then, the traveller meets the very offensive creature just described. Generally speaking, the men and women of the United States whom one meets on journeys, are well-behaved persons, of varying pretensions to refinement and good manners certainly, but, well-conducted, respectable, and self-respecting. Crowds of people descend into the cabin of one of the splendid steamers which navigate the Hudson—they are of all conditions in life, of all professions and occupations—from the pedlar of wares to the banker—from the con-